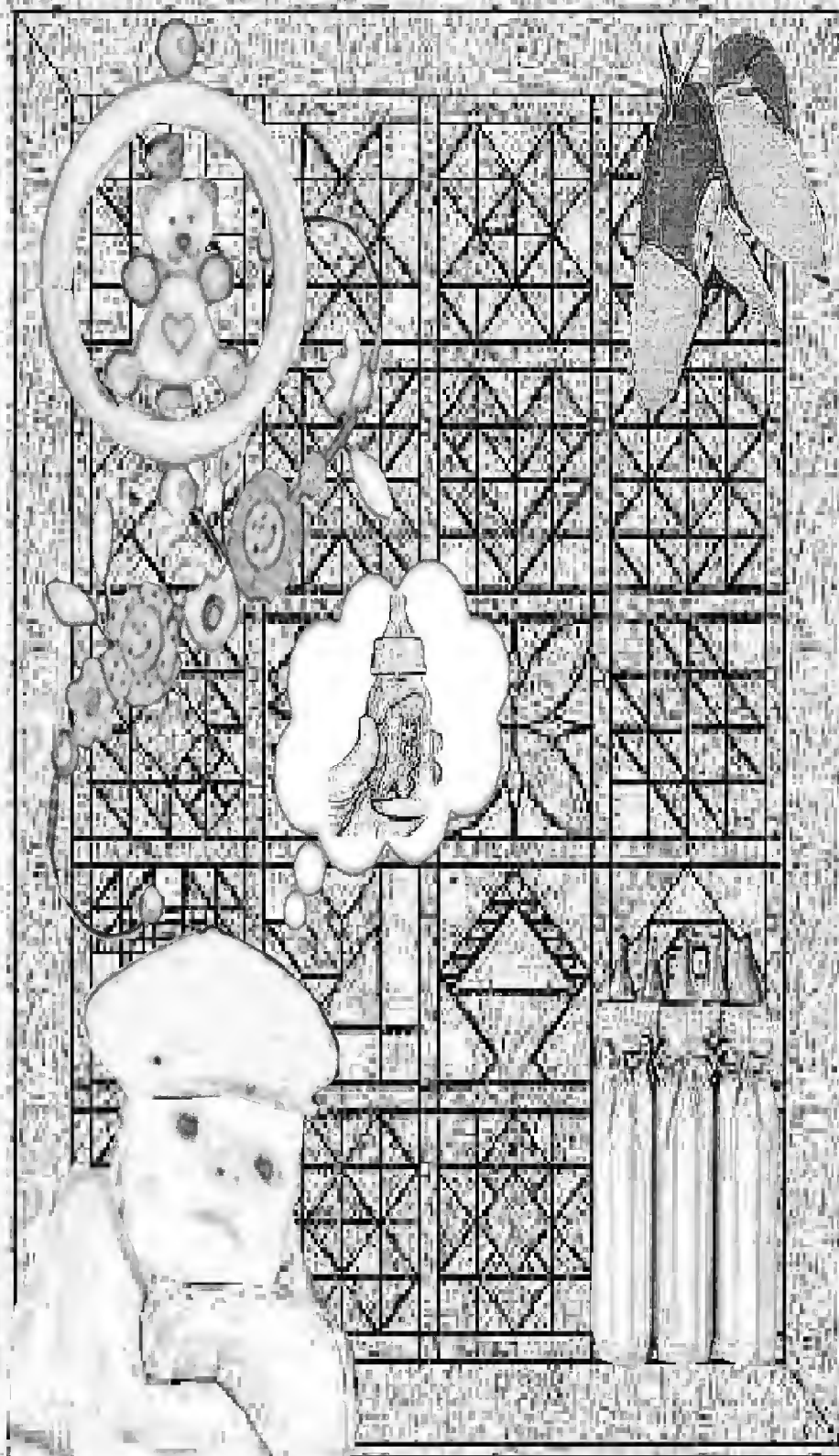


GALILEO'S MILK



By Cibeles Jolivette Gonzalez

I dedicate this book first to G-D who gave me the ability to
create it , then to my husband Wenceslas and my sons
Wenceslao and Galileo.

July 25, 2007 (29 Years)



Galileo is a quiet baby most of the time. He almost always smiles. Whenever his mommy enters the room he becomes very happy. Such a sweet baby!

It's a calm morning in the small house. Galileo's big brother sits in his crib playing with his stuffed dinosaur. Galileo's mommy is cleaning the house and his daddy is listening to his radio. The room is lit up by the sun, as it's rays shine upon Galileo's face.



Galileo lays there sleeping like an angel,
but not for very long. His eyes slowly begin
to open, and his tiny fist flies through the air.

"Where is everybody?" he thinks to himself.



"I feel quite wet. Why does mommy not come?"

He begins to whine a bit. His mommy enters the
room and changes his diaper. For a while he is
content and remains quite in his cozy crib.



Now Galileo is the most lovable of babies, but there is one thing which makes him very angry. It is then that he becomes a totally different baby.

Galileo cannot bear it when he does not have his milk on time. When he sees that milk bottle his little eyes light up, for he has a very big appetite.





Galileo's daddy holds up the bottle to make sure that there is enough milk for Galileo.

Unknown to his daddy, Galileo thinks many things as he also looks at the bottle. Galileo is a curious little baby who has many ideas, but being a baby who cannot talk makes everything that he thinks a secret. So it's no surprise that his "milk game" is a secret too.



The little boy who bears the same

name as the great stargazer Galileo

is a dreamer. He sees the stars in his

dreams when he naps. Whenever his

parents give him milk Galileo likes to

imagine that he goes to different places.

As he drinks his milk he closes his little eyes

and lets his imagination soar.

The warm milk trickles down his throat
as he cuddles close to his daddy's chest.

"This milk is so good." he thinks
to himself.

"I can pretend that I am drinking
my milk in a garden sitting next to
the flowers. Would'nt that be nice?"



Galileo snuggles up closer to his

daddy. His daddy's hand is so big that

sometimes he thinks that it's big enough

to sleep in.

"Imagine that!" Galileo thinks to himself

already half way through his bottle.

"I would love to be able to sleep in

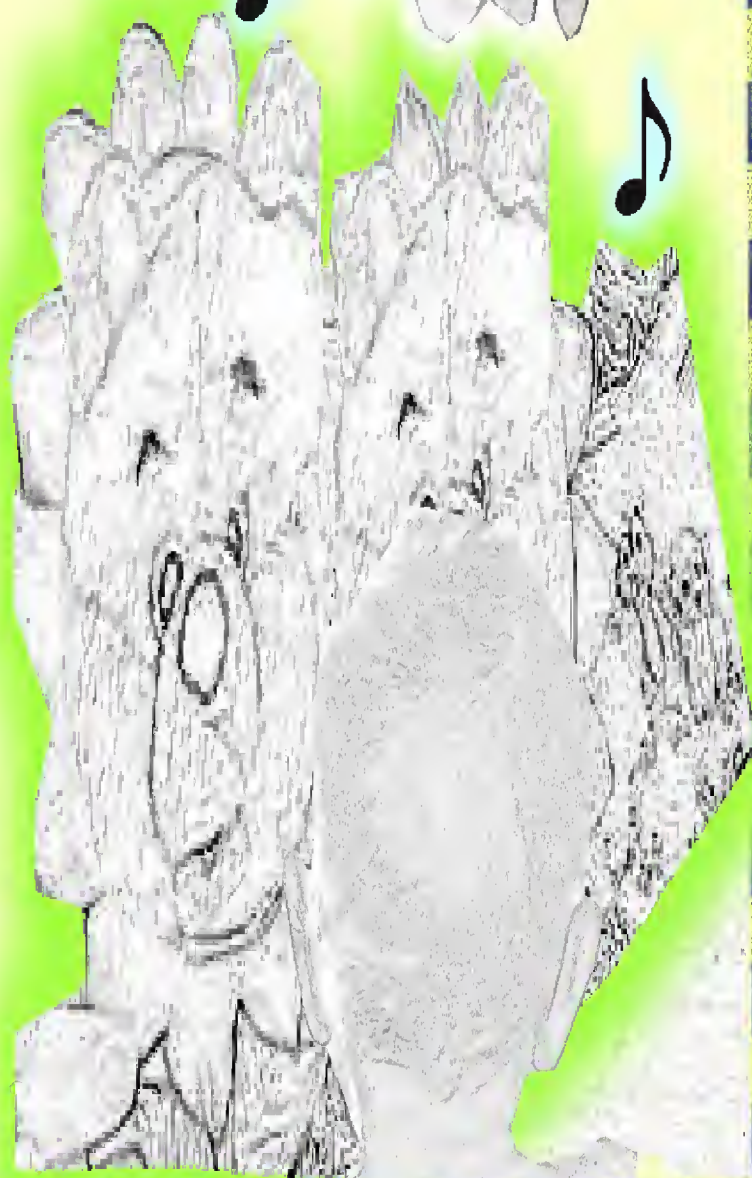
daddy's big warm hand."



"While I'm sleeping in daddy's big
warm hand I can have special dreams.

I can dream that I am in a magical
forest where a fairy flies by and
teddy bear sunflowers sing to me.

I can listen to their music while I drink
my milk."



"I can pretend that I am in a
land of giant flowers where a
little girl feeds her geese.

I can crawl to her and offer her
some of my milk which she can
drink under the tree's shade."





Galileo looks up at his daddy.

He begins to sweat a bit for it's hot.

"Hmm.." he thinks. " I can pretend

that I had a cool bath in my baby tub,

or even better that I can bathe in

the sink all day and watch mommy

make my milk and

never have to wait."



Galileo all of a sudden feels the bottle being taken away from him.

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His daddy puts him over his shoulder to burp him. A relieved Galileo snuggles under

his daddy's chin.

"Hmm.." he thinks.



"I can close my eyes and pretend that I am in a beautiful forest and that children who live there are greeting me."

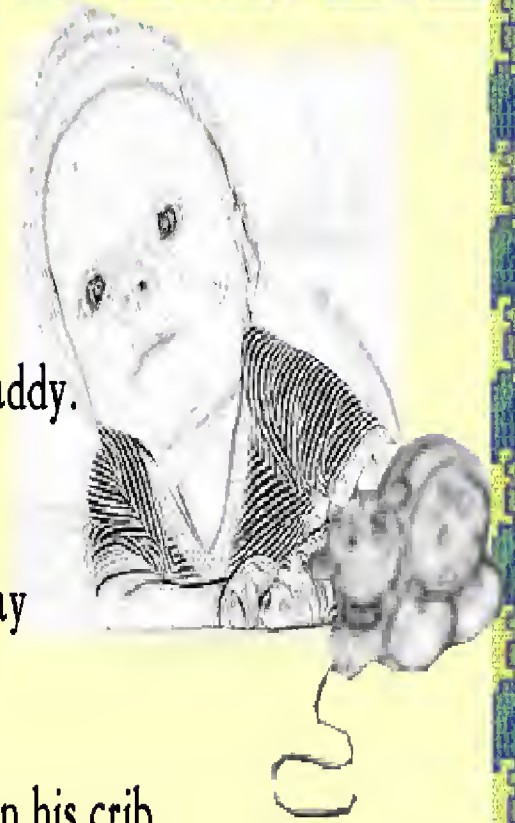


"Burp" says Galileo.

"What a pretty baby! What a beautiful burp!" says his daddy.

"Shall I dream of the day when I will crawl better and play

on the floor?" thinks Galileo as his daddy lays him down in his crib.



"Ah, my animal mobile. That will get me to sleep."

Galileo's daddy stares lovingly at him. Now he'll have a

break until a couple of hours when it will be time

once again to make Galileo's milk.

